

THE
Merry Lad :
OR, A
Choice Collection
OF
SONGS;

SUNG BY
Mr. *WARNER BENNETT*,
At *SHEFFIELD, SCARBROUGH, &c.*

Interspersed with several

HUMOROUS TALES,		EPILOGUES,
PROLOGUES,		ODES,
POEMS,		EPIGRAMS, &c.

To which is Annex'd,
A Set of New Country DANCES for this Season.

SHEFFIELD:
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[Price One Shilling]



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The Merry Lad, &c.

SONG I.

NANNY *of the* HILL.

ASSIST me every tuneful Bard,
Oh ! lend me all your skill ;
In choicest Lays, that I may praise,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill,
Sweet *Nanny*, dear *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

How gay the glitt'ring Beam of Morn,
That gilds the Crystal Rill ;
But far more bright than Morning Light,
Shines *Nanny* of the Hill,

Dear *Nanny*, &c.

The gayest Flower so fair of late,
The Evening damps will kill ;
But every Day more fresh and gay,
Blooms *Nanny* of the Hill,

Dear *Nanny*, &c.

Old Time arrests his rapid flight,
And keeps his Motion still ;

A 2

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to spare a Face so fair,
As *Nanny's* of the Hill,

Dear *Nanny*, &c.

To form my Charmer, Nature has
Exerted all her Skill ;
Wit, Beauty, Truth and rosy Youth,
Deck *Nanny* of the Hill,

Dear *Nanny*, &c.

And now around the festive Board,
The jovial Bumpers fill ;
Each take his Glafs, to my dear Lads,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill,
Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

SONG II.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

TOM loves *Mary*, passing well,
But *Mary* she loves *Harry* ;
And *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
And finds his Love miscarry :
For bonny *Bell*, for *Thomas* burns,
Tho' *Mary* flights his Passion ;
How strangely freakish are the turns,
Of Human inclination.

As much as *Mary*, *Thomas* grieves,
Proud *Hal* dispises *Mary* ;

And

And all the flouts that *Bell* receives
 From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry* :
 Thus all by turns are Woo'd and Woo,
 No Turtles can be truer ;
 Each loves the Object they pursue,
 But hates the kind Pursuer.

Moll gave *Hal* a wreath of Flowers,
 Which he in am'rous folly
 Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours,
 It came again to *Molly* ;
 If one, of all the four had frown'd,
 You ne'er saw People grummier :
 If one has smil'd it catches round,
 And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers hence this Lesson learn,
 Through-out the British Nation,
 How much 'tis every one's concern,
 To sigh a Reformation :
 And still this Rule, thro' Life pursue,
 Whatever Object strikes you ;
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love, may like you.

An ODE to Mr. G——K.

*When I said I would die a Batchelor, I did not
 think I should live till I was Married.*
 Much Ado about Nothing.

NO, no ; the Left-Hand Box in Blue ;
 There don't you see Her ? See Her ; Who ?

A 3

Nay

And

Nay, hang me if I tell ?
 There's G——k in the Musick Box ;
 Watch but his Eyes ! —— his Eyes ! O p—x !
 ' Your Servant Ma'moiselle !

But tell me, D——d, is it true ?
 Lord help us ! what will some Folks do !
 How will they court this Stranger !
 What ! fairly taken in for Life,
 A sober, serious, wedded Life,
 O, fie upon you, *Ranger* !

The Clergy too have join'd the Cheat :
 A Papist ! has he thought of that !
 Or means he to convert her ?
 Troth, Boy, unless your Zeal be stout,
 The Nymph may turn your Faith about,
 By Arguments experter.

The Ladies pale, and out of Breath,
 Wild as the Witches in *Macbeth*,
 Ask if the Deed be done :
 O, D——d, listen to thy Lay,
 I'll prophesy the Things they'll say,
 For Tongues, you know, will run.

And, pray, what other News d'ye hear ?
 Married ! —— But don't you think, my Dear,
 He's growing out of Fashion
 People may fancy what they will,
 But Qu——n's the only Actor still,
 To touch the tender Passion.

Nay,

Nay, Madam, did you mind last Night;
His *Archer*, not a Line on't right!

I thought I heard some Hissles;
Good G—d! if *Billy M—lls*, thought I,
Or *Billy H—v—rd*, would but try,
They'd beat him all to Pieces.

'Twas prudent tho' to drop his *Bays*;
And (*entre nous*) old C—bb—r says,
He hopes he'll give up *Richard*.
But then it tickles me to see,
In *Hastings*, such a Shrimp as he,
Attempt to ravish *Pr—ch—rd*.

The Fellow pleas'd me well enough;
In—What d'ye call it, *H—dl—y's* Stuff;
There's something there like Nature.
Just so in Life he runs about;
Plays at Bo-peep; now in, now out;
But hurts no mortal Creature.

And then there's *Belmont* to be sure;
O ho! my gentle *Neddy M—re*,
How does my good Lord Mayor?
And have you left Cheapside my Dear?
And will you write again next Year,
To shew your Favourite Player.

But *Merope*, we own, is fine;
Eumenes charms in every Line;

How prettily he vapours !
 So gay his Dress, so young his Look,
 One wou'd have sworn 'twas Mr. *Cook*,
 Or *Mat*——*ws* cutting Capers.

Thus, *D*——*d*, as the Ladies flout,
 And Councils hold at every Bout,
 To alter all your Plays ;
Y——*tes* shall be *Benedict* next Year,
M——*klin*, be *Richard* ; *Taswell*, *Lear*,
 And *Kitty Cl*——*ve* be *Bays*.

Two Parts they readily allow,
 Are yours ; but not one more they vow :
 And thus they close their Spight :
 You will be Sir *John Brute*, they say,
 A very Sir *John Brute*, all Day,
 And *Fribble* all the Night.

But tell me, Fair Ones, is it so ?
 You all did love him once, we know,
 What then provokes your Gall ?
 Forbear to rail, I'll tell you why,
 Quarrels may come, or Madam die,
 And then there's Hopes for all.

And now a Word or two remains,
 Sweet *D*——*y*, and I close my Strains ;
 Think well e'er you engage ;
 Vapours and Ague Fits may come,
 And matrimonial Claims at home,
 Unnerve you for the Stage.

But

But if you find your Spirits right;
 Your Mind at Ease, and Body tight,
 Take her, you can't do better;
 A P—x upon the tattling Town!
 The Fops that join to cry you down,
 Wou'd give their Ears to get her.

Then, if her Heart be good and kind,
 (And sure that Face bespeaks a Mind
 As soft as Women's can be)
 You'll grow as constant as a Dove,
 And taste the purer Sweets of Love,
 Unvisited by R——by.

S O N G I I I .

T R E E - T O P ' D H I L L .

ON Tree top'd Hill, on turf'd Green,
 While yet *Aurora's* Vest is seen;
 Before the Sun has left the Sea,
 Let the fresh Morning breathe on me.

To Furze-blown Heath, or Pasture Mead,
 Do thou my happy Foot-steps lead;
 Then show me to the pleasing Stream,
 Of which at Night so oft I Dream.

At Noon the mazy Wood I'll tread,
 With Autumn Leaves, and dry Moss spread;
 And cooling Fruits for thee prepare,
 For sure I think thou wilt be there.

Till Birds begin their Evening Song,
 With thee the Time seems never long ;
 O let us speak our Love that's past,
 And count how long it has to last.

I'll say Eternally, and thou
 Shall only look as kind as now ;
 I ask no more, for that affords,
 What is not in the Force of Words.

The SHOOTING-MATCH : To CUPID.

COME little *God of Love*, for once, let's try
 Who is the better Marksman, you, or I :
 So—fill your Quiver, summon all your Art,
 Well now the Bust, the bright *Corrina's* Heart !
 There, *Sir*, you've miss'd, and I have pierc'd
 the Part.

Town I've miss'd ! but 'twas thro' Want of Sight,
 To guide my never-erring Arrow right ;
 But — lest you should conceive what I design'd,
 To take Advantage o'er you, 'cause you're Blind,
 We'll have another Tryal in the *Dark*,
 And let him take the *Maid*, who hit's the *Mark*.

An Address to our present Petit-Maitres.

NO more let each fond Foppling court a
 Brother,
 And quit the Girls to dress for one another ;
 Old Maids, in Vengeance to their slighted Beauty,
 Shall one Day make you wish you'd done your
 Duty ;

Thro'

Thro' H -ll they drag ye on most aukward Shapes;
Yoak'd in their Apron-Strings, and led for Apes.

*On a Summer-House near FARNHAM, in
SURRY.*

I, C, U, B

YY for me.

J. S.

The Reading of it is supposed to be, viz.

I see you be

Too wise for me.

An Unseasonable Surprise.

AS TOM laid M LL beneath a Shade,
To play a Game for *Maidenhead*;
With smacking *Buffs*, and *chuck o'th' Chin*,
A *prologue* to the future Scene!
He thus address'd his *bowzy* MOLLY,
Nay, pish, this Coyney is a Folly!
Unwilling! Blush! nay, pshaw — my Deart!
My *Love*, came we for nothing here?
Alas! quoth she, should I prove fruitful!
You know, at best, that wou'd but suit ill —
Pish, then, if that's thy Care, my MOLL,
There's one *above* provides for all —
To which, quoth SLY, upon the Tree,
Your *Brats*, and *you*, be *damn'd* for me.

The EXCHANGE.

WHILE CAREFUL scolds his Daughter
MOLLY,
And tells her she's undone;

B/A

By lying with her *Lover* JOLLY,
Their Neighbour's eldest Son:

My Maidenhead's gone indeed, (*cries Miss*)
 Yet, what care I a Farthing :
 I gave him it——but then got his,
 And Pleasure into th' Bargain.

SONG IV.

The *IRISH* CRIES.

Tune, Ellen-o'-Roon.

O How do I long for the sweet Month of *May*,
When *Juggy Mulrooney* cries Curds and
sweet Whey :
Buy sweet Whey; sweet Butter, strong Butter for
Servants my Life.

Tune, *Irish Lamentation.*

O how I wad Love,
But my Guts wad not move ;
But Arra mun Joul, that *Cupid* the Blinker
With his Nagur wou'd bore,
A great Hole before,
And so make Work for *Sawder* the Tinker.:
Have you any Brass Pots, Iron Pots or Brass Ket-
tles to Mend.—Ready Money for your Coney
Skins Maids.

Tune, Capt. Teach.

O Fagg's cry of white Potatoes,
I'd follow, and Cream, Cream wad squal,

H. L.

When she cries buy my large Cockles,
 I'd follow her and cry black Ball;
 Then to old Rags her Tune she Changes,
 To buy my Turf I soon wou'd cry;
 Round Tan at last might please my Jewel,
 All for a Half-penny to Cry.—Round Tan,
 Round Tan.—All for a Half-penny.—All for a
 Half-penny.—All these Apples for a Half-penny.
 —A Lump for a Half-penny here.

Tune, Country Strolers.

Her Heart it is harder than Iron or Rocks,
 Ohow she wou'd cut me when she cries Linen Socks:
 I wou'd out at Night for to take the fresh Air,
 Where I'd hear my dear *Fuggy*, cry buy my Oyster.

Tune, Larry Grogan.

I never was caught with Love in my Life,
 Till *Fuggy Mulrooney* ensnar'd me, ensnar'd me,
 I thought once or twice to have made her my
 Wife;

But yet she wou'd never endure me, endure me:

But since my dear Jewel, if you will prove cruel,
 And Murder poor *Paddy* who loves you so well,

I'd get my Brogue's Soal'd and mend all the Holes,
 And all round the Town, cry cast Cloaths to Sell.

Then my Love to Maintain, I must learn to clean
 Shoes,

Or wid *Paddy Drogheda*, cry Bloody News, Bloody
 News, Bloody News, Torney General, Tor-
 ney General; just now arriv'd one Breeches
 Packet.

Packet, with an Empress from Admirable *Vermin*, with the taking of *Rings End* by the *Wooden-Man* of *Essex Street*. — *Agra, ub bub bub boo.*

S O N G V.

The E A R L Y H O R N.

R E C I T I T I V E.

TH E Chace is o'er, and on the Plain,
The Hound the lusty Stag has slain;
Let the chearful Horn, with sprightly Tone,
All our present pleasures Crown.

A I R.

Of Britons thus the antient Race,
With Nervous Toil pursued the Chace;
By no ungen'rous Thoughts controul'd,
Their Hearts were honest, free and bold.

R E C I T I T I V E.

Like them again, may Britons be,
As Brave, as Honest and as Free.

A I R.

With Early Horn salute the Morn,
That gilds this charming Place;
With chearful Cries, bid Eccho rise,
And join the jovial Chace:
The Vocal Hills around,
The waving Woods, the chrystal Floods,
All, all return th' enlivening Sound.

The

The SCOLD. An EPIGRAM.

I'M a scolding *old Woman* of Four score and Eight
 Of a crooked Condition, and never was straight!
 I scold twice a Day 'till quite out of Breath,
 It's the Joy of my Life, and Defence against Death;
 Scolding opens my Pipes, and it quickens my Blood,
 And serves my Ocasion for Physick and Food;
 My *Grandmother* told me, and charg'd me to try,
That so long as I scolded I never should die.

SONG VI.

The VIRGIN'S last RESOLVE.

YE Virgins who do listen to,
 Whate'er your Mother's say,
 Be rul'd by me and let's agree,
 No longer to obey;
 For I've been snub'd, and I've been drub'd,
 'Till I was black and blue,
 But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
 But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
 I wish I may die if I do,
 I wish I may die if I do.

Both Night and Day she prates away,
 About my being nice;
 But I declare, 'twould make you stare,
 To hear her dull Advice,
 She says that I from Men must fly,
 Or mischief will ensue;

But

But in all the Kind no harm I find,
I wish I may die if I do.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth;
The danger ne'er can tell,
And 'tis from Sense and Experience,
That she can talk so well:
But if she got Sense from Experience,
Then she may depend upon 't;
I'll try to be as wise as she,
I wish I may die if I don't.

Young *Damon* gay, the other Day,
Would struggle for a Kiss;
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
With, "What do you mean by this,
" 'Tis wondrous rude, that you'll intrude,
" When I have so oft forbid
" I wish I may die, if you don't make me cry,"
But I wish I may dye if I did. &c.

Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
And let my Mother Scold,
And I'll dispise being quite as wise,
Untill I am quite as Old:
At Forty three a Prude I'll be,
And lay my Follies by,
But never till then will I shun the Men,
If I do — I wish I may die.

S O N G

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S O N G VII.

NO longer I O can I bear,
 This absence from thy Arms;
 Cruel God restore the fair,
 Nor thus Eclipse her Charms.
 Is this thy mighty Justice *Jove*,
 To barter Cruelty for Love.

The TROUT, a FABLE.

A TROUT the plumpest in the Tide,
 Had long the Angler's Skill defy'd;
 With pleasure nibbled ev'ry Bait,
 And baulk'd his sure expected Fate:
 While Self-conceit inflam'd his Breast,
 He to himself, these Lines address'd:
 How wise am I to know my Good;
 What Cowards half the finny Brood!
 I feast on Rarities at will,
 My Sense evades the latent Ill.
 He spoke: impending in the Brook
 A Gentil wriggled on the Hook;
 He nibb'd with caution, as before,
 The Dainty tempted more and more:
 Grown bold, he snap'd the rich Repast,
 And on the Beard was caught at last.
 Compell'd to quit the liquid Glass,
 He beat, till dead, the bending Grass.

G So fairs the Maid whom love inspires
 With tender Thoughts, and soft Desires!

To

To whom true Virtue is unknown ;
 That Guardian of the Fair alone,
 She may, a-while, fan up the flame
 And not commit an Act of Shame,
 But soon longs after farther Sweets,
 Pursues her Wish, and Ruin meets ;
 Does Wisdom's blissful Precepts shun,
 Nor sees her Folly, till undone.

S O N G VIII

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

A L L in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When Black-Ey'd *Susan* came on Board :

Oh ! where shall I my true Love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro ;
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below,
 The Cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark high pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his Breast,
 If chances his Mate's shrill Call he hears ;
 He drops at once into her Nest :
 The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet,
 Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O ! *Susan*,

O ! *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,
 My Vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me Kiss off that falling Tear ;
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as the list ye Winds, my Heart shall be,
 The faithful Compass that still Points to thee.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty *Suky* mourn ;
 Tho' Cannons roar, secure from Harm,
William shall to his Dear return :
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from *Suky's* Eye.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant Mind,
 They'll tell the Sailors when away ;
 In every Port a Mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present where-so'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,
 Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,
 Thy Breath is *Africk's* spicy Gale,
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white ;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I View,
 Wakes in my Soul some Charms of lovely *Sue*.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay on Board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head :
Her

Her lessning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu, she cries, and waves her lilly Hand.

S O N G IX.

A M E D L E Y.

Tune, *At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,*
TH E Laws they were made for the Little.
The Laws they were made for the Little,
In the Hands of the strong, all ties that belong,
To Honour and Virtue are Brittle,
To Justice and Honour are Brittle.

The Laws, &c.
Tho' Churchmen may preach, and Philosophers
teach,
The Strong do not value a tittle,
The Great are not sway'd by a tittle.

The Laws, &c.
It is not by Right, but by wrong-doing Might,
That Giants still gain their Acquital,
That Giants still 'scape a Commital.

Tune, *Peggy Benson.*
In the Church where our dignified Doctors you find;
Such Holy Men refrain Son;
For uplifted by us, and our Offices kind,
Their sanctified Pride they sustain Son.

Let the Law be your Case, not a tittle retrench,
But support each — in his Station;

For

For they as our Substitutes sit on the Bench,
To decide the Affairs of the Nation.

Each Land-lorded Justice, and Fox-hunting Youth
Are prone to your Will, as they may Son ;
For these too are Little-Grand Seigniors forsooth,
And Giants each one in his way Son.

Tune, *Moll Roe*.

Wou'd you silence a Patriot Committee,
Touch their Lips with this Magical Wand,
Thro' the Country, and Senate, and City,
'Tis the Key and the Lock of the Land.

Take a Piece of this same from your Coffer,
Display to the Voter your Pelf ;
And the Wretch having nothing to Offer,
Will frugally Sell you himself.

'Tis the Shot for the Fowl of all Feather,
The Bait for the Gout of all Fish ;
To this every Gudgeon will gather,
And plump ready drest in your Dish.

Tho' the Booby your pupil so dull is,
He scarce can Remember his Name ;
Yet his Mouth it will open like *Tully's*,
When fed with a Spoon of this same.

Tho' a Rascal, a Bear, or a Bloockhead,
Unconscious of Mood or of Tense ;
This Plaistic Receipt in his Pocket,
Gives Grace, Figure, Virtue and Sense.

'Tis

'Tis Gold that Women bewitches,
 Tho' wrinkled and thinner than Lawn;
 If you have not the Pence in your Breeches,
 You'll get neither Beauty nor Brawn.

In the Courts should your cause be dis-jointed,
 Let not that sink your Spirits one Peg;
 With the Oil of this Nostrum annoint it,
 'Twill make it as right as my Leg.

Would you get a fat Church in your Clutches,
 Tip my old Gouty — the Wink;
 At the Token he'll cast off his Crutches,
 And Dance to the Tune *Of old Chink.*

Old Saints will for this Sell their Manuals,
 O'er this at your Sovereign nod;
 Old — will skip like young Spaniels,
 And Cardinals kiss you this Rod.

To Study ought else is but Nonsense,
 From hence all Philosophy springs;
 'Tis the Crown, Beauty, Cause and good Conscience
 Of Priests, Ladies, Lawyers and Kings.

Tune, *Jovial Beggar.*
 However some in Coaches,
 Or some in Barrows beg;
 'Tis want that makes the Mendicant,
 And not the Wooden-Leg,
When a Begging they do go.

'Tis

'Tis thus by greater Poverty,
 That Nobles grow Renown'd ;
 For where we want one Penny,
 State Beggars want a Pound :
And a Begging they will go.

Your Vizir begs for Subsidies,
 Your Party-man for Place ;
 Your Churchman for a Benefice,
 But not one Man for Grace :
Tho' a Begging he should go.

Your Courtier begs for Honour,
 And that's a want indeed ;
 As many should for Honesty,
 But will not own their Need :
When a Begging they do go.

Thus all from Rome to London,
 Are of the Begging Train,
 But we who Beg for Charity,
 Are those who Beg in vain.
And a Begging we will go.

Tune, *Fy lets a' to the Bridal.*
 When the Heir has attain'd the wish'd Hour,
 Of laying his Dad in Ground,
 And sees the Seal'd Bags in his Power,
 Old hoardings of Pound on Pound :
 What Poor do you think in waiting,
 All gaping to seize his Store ;
 A Train of his own creating,
 His Pleasures that starv'd before.

Yet

'Tis

Yet some when Beggars are pressing,
 Of Bounty are nothing loth;
 The Bishop will give you his Blessing,
 The Officer his Oath:
 Of his Promise to be a free Donor,
 The Courtier was never nice
 And Great ones will give you their Honour,
 For these are of little Price.

If Men would but Remark it,
 Thro' every Scene display'd;
 The World's but one great Market,
 It Institutes all a Trade:
 And in this Scocial chaffer,
 Each one as in Duty bound;
 Still labours to be the Laugher,
 And jockey his Neighbours round.

With joy each Jobber will own, he
 Has trick'd you in the Price;
 Like Lawyers who for good Money,
 Give nothing but bad Advice:
 Young Appetite bids for Pleasure,
 Old Hypocrites bids for Youth;
 Old Avarice bids for Treasure,
 Grey Satan bids most for Truth.

But Youth, Truth, Treasure and Pleasure,
 The Devil or what may fall;
 To Giants proscribe no Measure,
 I Bid at One and All.

Tune

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Tune, *Abbot of Canterbury:*

How curious to mark the surprize of the Town;
To see Truth exalted, Dishonour pull'd down:
All Tricks low and little dispis'd by the Great,
And Honesty fix'd for a Maxim of State,
Derry Down, &c.

To see our fac'd Lordlings deserving of Trust,
Our Clergymen pious, our Justices just:
Our Court Ladies blush, and our Thing of a Beau
A something beside a meer nothing but shew.
Derry Down, &c.

To see Mirth with Innocence walking the Land;
And Probity taking free Trade by the Hand:
And the Courts of our Law from iniquity clear,
O *Jack* what a rare Revolution were here,
Derry Down, &c.

SONG X.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

FORGIVE ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
If ought too much I do?

Permit me while I give my Song,

To give a Lesson too:

To give, &c.

Let Modesty that Heaven born Maid,

Your Words and Actions Grace,

'Tis this, and only this can add,

New lustre to your Face.

New, &c.

B

'Tis

'Tis this which paints the Virgin's Cheeks;
 Beyond the Power of Art;
 And every real Blush bespeaks,
 The goodness of the Heart:
 'This Index of the virtuous Mind,
 Your Lovers will adore;
 'Tis this that leave a Charm behind,
 When Bloom can Charm no more.

Inspir'd by this to idle Men,
 With nice Reserve behave;
 And learn by distance to Maintain,
 The Power your Beauty gave:
 For this when Beauty must decay,
 Your Empire will protect;
 The Wanton pleases for a Day,
 But ne'er creates Respect.

With this their silly Jests reprove;
 When Coxcombs dare intrude;
 Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
 Who ventures to be rude;
 Your Charms when cheap will ever Pall,
 They sully with a touch;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair,
 Expect the gen'rous Youth;
 Whom Heaven has doom'd her Heart to share,
 And blest'd with Love and Truth:

For

For him alone preserve her Hand,
 And wait the happy Day ;
 When he with Justice can Command,
 And she with joy Obey.

S O N G XI.

Hark away the merry ton'd Horn.

(IN WELSH.)

CLWCH Y Corn mwyn y don y myn u dudd
 Rwnge Alwyr yr alwad yr udd
 Tur Bryn y ffob Llwn ynwn Llawn
 U Hulywr Gaydwug yr uwyg yr awn
 Ful Dymma drwy dydd
 Yn Canfyn y fydd
 Cyd flyddwn dylwnyn Myr nyw Myr Hy
 Pan fon gyd yr Cwnmyn Syrc yny Swm
 Ny ddeos ddim Cymdyddon Myr Wynym
 y ny

Cyr yr Llwn gyd yr fron Cyd y fro
 Bydd pob men yn udlefum Hil lo !
 Pan yr Godiad yr hediad y wnyf
 Yn Swm Dyfwr yr awyr yr uf

Ful Dymma &c.

Pant yr Pant Pan yr Mynudd yr Awn
 Pam yr flafus ywr plefuer y Gawn
 Ac nys Guer yn y Sawl ym u Sydd
 Pa Hafrydwch ddy fyrwch y fydd

Ful Dymma. &c.

Gwyll yr Blas yr yn Blysswn y Sydd
 Nwr yl fwndyr yr Hwdyr yr hydd
 Hylun Hy Gynnym ni Gwanni Mwyn
 Can Lluchunydd ywr Gynoch yr Twyn
 Ful Dymma, &c.

An ODE to MOLLY.

TH E Birds that from the Lime-twigg flies,
 With caution shuns the School Boy's tricks;
 We who wou'd be thought more wise,
 Can't shun the Lime-twigs for our Sex :
 The Female kind our Heart ensnare,
 'Tis grown a Science to Trepan ;
 The studied Look, the fashion'd Air,
 O shame, can conquer God-like Man,

To sooth the feeling social Breast,
 And calm the noisy World's alarms,
 To welcome Rapture, Peace and Rest,
 With Beauty's soft endearing Charms ;
 By native Power of Face and Mind,
 To be at once both Blest and Bless,
 For this the Gods the fair design'd,
 And not to Patch, to Paint, and Dress.

When Nature kind exerts her skill,
 And frames a heavenly Face and Mein ;
 How vain to contradict her Will,
 Ah ! let the Angel still be seen,
 Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
 But ever brightens in the good ;

Believe

Believe me Nature never made;
A gay Coquette, or formal Prude.

The glare of Tinsel vaniry,
The mental Eye may chance approve ;
But Sense and Heaven-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love :
The blooming Maid whom these adorn,
With pity view her Sex's folly ;
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These Virtues shine in thee, O MOLLY.

SONG XII.

HARVEST HOME.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and
Bell,

Each Lad with his Lads hither come,
With Singing and Dacing, in Pleasure advancing
To celebrate Harvest home.

Chorus { 'Tis Ceres bid Play, and keep Holliday
to celebrate Harvest home, Harvest
home, Harvest home,
To celebrate Harvest home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full store,
Now swell with Rich gifts of the Land :
Let each Man then take for the Prong and the Rake
His Can and his Lads in his Hand.

For Ceres, &c.

No Courtier can be as happy as we,
In Innocence, Pastime and Mirth :

While

While thus we carouse with our Sweatheart or
Spouse,
And Rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth.
For Ceres, &c,

S O N G XIII.

The RAREE-SHOW.

I First present you a Prime Minister,
Free from Thought and Action sinister ;
Publick good his Square and Measure,
Himself his Country's trust and treasure,
Who'll shew me such a Show.

Here's Humility in high Station,
Dignity stript of Ostentation ;
Friendship here out goes Profession,
Here is Power without Oppression,
O the finest Show.

Courtiers frank yet with Civility,
Peers to Virtue who owe Nobility ;
This you scarce will Credit 'till you see,
Next where Piety weds with Prelacy,
O the wondrous Show.

Courtly Dames with Chastity laden,
Widows in will, each Soul a Maiden ;
Nuns secluded from all Temptation,
Fryars and yet no Fornication.
A Pound to see the Show.

S O N G

S O N G XIV.

The *IRISH NURSE*.

A RRA my *Judy* wan't I a booby,
When I wou'd Love, when I wou'd love
you ;

But if I didn't adore you behind and before you,
The Devil may take me, Devil may take me.

I'll go over to *France*, to take my dull Chance,
My Fortune to better :
And if I am drowned, pray be not confounded,
I'll send you a Letter.

O Capt. *Obrian* why was you so cruel,
To drive away *Casy* ;
But if he comes hither, I'll curry his Leather,
And make him uneasy.

Altho' I were driven by Capt. *Obrian*,
From the County of *Kerry* ;
Och Hone my dear Life, Devil burn you
But you may be Merry.

For Fighting and Fencing, for Cudgeling and
Dancing,
I'll near value no Man ;
For while I'm in my Mettle, I'm's hot as a Kettle
Fight Capt. *Obrian*.

And now *Judy Wall* shou'd you after all,
Refuse me to Marry ;

Soon you shall see hang'd on a high Tree,
Your own poor *Paddy*.

A T A L E. From RABELAIS.

TW O Gossips prating in a Church,
The Devil, who' stood upon the Lurch,
In Short-hand on a Parchment-Roll
Wrote down their Words; and when the Scroll
Could hold no more (it was so full)
His Devilship began to pull
And stretch it with his Teeth, which failing,
He knock'd his Head against the Railing,
St. *Martin* laugh'd, tho' then at Mass,
To see the Devil such an Ass.
To think a Parchment-Roll, or e'en a Skin
Could hold two Women's Chat when they begin.

The R E T O R T. From RABELAIS.

O N E married to a Country Flirt
Full skittish, says the Youth,
Bite me, my Dear, if you I hurt,
My Finger's in your Mouth.

When all was o'er, he ask'd his Bride,
If any Thing did sting her,
She, by a Question too, reply'd
And did I bite your Finger.

S O N G

SONG XV.

NANNY—O

WHILE some for Pleasure waste their Health
 Twixt Lais and the Bagno ;
 I'll save myself and without stealth,
 Kifs and carefs my Nanny—O :
 She bids more fair, to engage a Jove,
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae* —O ;
 Where I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else shou'd sit but Nanny—O.

Chorus { *My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,*
My lovely Charming Nanny—O,
I care not tho' the World shou'd know,
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When Dancing she moves finely O ;
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 They sparkle so Divinely—O :
 Ye Gods attend my Vows, while I
 Breathe in the bléss *Britanni* —O ;
 None's Happiness I'll e'er envy,
 As long's ye Grant me Nanny—O:
My bonny, &c.

The LADY'S DELIGHT.

ALMERIA loves her dearest Pegg so much,
 Her Soul feels Pleasure at the Creature's
 Touch :

Nor at less Price does she her Gelding rate,
 But thinks him hardly us'd to bear her Weight ;
 No Animals she has at her Command,
 But daily tastes the Bounties of her Hand :
 Such soft Humanity wou'd sure atone,
 For all the Evils Woman-kind has done—
 She is so fond of Beasts, she has made her Hus-
 band one.

S O N G XVI.

Old *ENGLAND* for ever.

OF good *English* Beer our Songs we'll raise
 We've Right by our free-born Charter
 And follow our brave Fore-father's Ways,
 Who liv'd in the Days of King *Arthur* :
 Of those Gallant Days loud Fame has told,
 Beer gave the stout *Britons* Spirit,
 In Love they spoke Truth, and in War they were
 bold,
 And flourish'd by dint of Merit.

C H O R U S.

Then like them crown your Bowls,
 Your jolly brown Bowls, and toss them
 off clever,
 To all true *English* Souls, to all true
English Souls,
 And Old *England*, Old *England* for ever.
 Huzza, Old *England*, huzza, Old *England*,
 Huzza, Old *England*, Old *England* for ever
 The

The glory in Love and War they won,
 By fighting Retreats and Sallies ;
 Were by the Production of their own
 Good Beer, and Roast Beef in their Bellies :
 All Foreign Attempts they did disdain,
 So fir'd with Resolution ;
 For Liberty then they'd Bleed every Vein,
 To keep their old Constitution,
 Then like them, &c.

Like them let us Drink, and Fill and Sing,
 To all who our State are aiding ;
 To Commerce, that all our Wealth does bring,
 And every branch of our Trading :
 By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful Nation ;
 Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain,
 Our Trade and our Navigation.
 Then like them, &c.

SONG XVII.

SEQUEL to the BROWN-BEER of OLD ENGLAND.

TH O' the *French* in their Soups and Ragouts
 are exceeding,
 What those Fops do in War, is not worth our
 heeding,
 For the *Englishman's* fighting is just like his feeding.
 O the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and O
 the Old *English* Roast Beef.

Wah.

With their Bellies well fill'd, soon the Battle they'll
 join,
 Which makes them to Fight, as they did at the
Boyn;
 Each Man with a Pound of a Rump or Sir-loin.
 O the Roast, &c.

Now to finish my Song, and myself to Discharge,
 To keep free from Party, nay even from the
 Verge;
 Read *Daniel D'Foe*, and he'll tell you at large.
 Of the Roast, &c.

S O N G XVIII.

HOLLY and IVY.

W H I L E Winter in her hoary Age,
 In peircing Storms exerts her Rage,
 Good Punch will chear the Soul,
 While Doctors swarm the Town about,
 Coach here, Coach there, and make such Rout;
 We'll Quaff the flowing Bowl.

C H O R U S.

Then Drink and joine the chearful Cry,
 HOLLY and IVY who will buy.

While Lawyers bluster in the Hall,
 And for their Clients stoutly bawl,
 When touch'd with golden Fee;
 Tho' half a Sleep on Holliday.
 They still may Nod for me.

Then Drink, &c.
 While

While late at Night the Country Swain,
 In Frost and Snow o'er dreary Plain,
 Flies faithful to his Lass;
 While Rakes to *Covent* Garden run,
 And more by Gaming are undone,
 I fill the sparkling Glafs.
 Then Drink, &c.

While Passion thus points out the aim,
 And each pursues his fav'rite Gome,
 I'll keep my own in View;
 Blest with my Bottle and my Friend,
 With Mirth the present Year I'll End,
 In Mirth begin the New.
 Then Drink, &c.

S O N G X I X .

F A N N Y .

JOVE when he saw my *Fanny's* Face,
 With wondrous Passion mov'd;
 Forgot the Care of Human Race,
 And felt at last he Lov'd:
 Then to the God of soft desire,
 His Suit he thus address'd;
 I *Fanny* Love with mutual Fire,
 O touch her tender Breast.

Your suit is hopeless *Cupid* cries,
 I lov'd the Maid before;
 What Rival me, the Power, replies,
 Whom Gods and Men adore:

He

He grasp'd the Bolt, he shook the Springs
Of his imperial Throne;
While *Cupid* wav'd his rosy wings,
And in a Breath was gone.

O'er Earth and Seas the Godhead flew,
But still no shelter found;
For as he fled the dangers grew,
And Light'ning flash'd around:
At length his trembling Fear impels,
His flight to *Fanny's* Eyes;
Where happy, safe and pleas'd he dwells,
Nor minds his native Skies.

S O N G XX.

IF Love be a fault, and in me thought a crime,
How great's my Offence? bear ye witness, O
Time;

The Days and the Nights, and the Hours as they've
roll'd,

You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told:
One Day pass'd away and saw nothing but Love,
Another came on and the same thing did prove;
The Sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,
But I was more pleas'd as the next Moment
came.

I saw you all Day, and all Day with new gust,
And yet every Day was to me as the first;
Thus fleeting Time passes with down on its Wings
But whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings:
If this be a Crime be my Judges ye fair,

And

And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell.
 The cause of my Death was for Loving too
 well.

Political CONVERSATION.

AS *Tom* the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
 A swinging Show'r oblig'd him to stand
 still ;

So, in the Right-Hand Passage thro' the Gate,
 He pitch'd his Burden down, just by the Grate,
 From whence the doleful Accent sounds away,
Pity the poor and hungry Debtors pray.

To the same Garrison from *Paul's Church-Yard*,
 An half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the Guard :
 Now *Tom* (it seems) the *Ludgateer* and *he*,
 Had all been old Acquaintance formerly,
 And as the Coast was clear by cloudy Weather,
 They quickly fell into Discourse together.

'Twas in *December* when the *Highland Clans*,
 Had got to *Derbyshire* from *Preston Pans* ;
 And struck all *London* with a gen'ral Pannick,
 But mark the Force of Principles *Britannick* !
 The Soldier told 'em fresh the City News,
 Just piping hot from *Stock-j. bbers* and *Jews* ;
 Of *French* Fleets landing, and of *Dutch* Neutrality ;
 Of Jealousies at Court amongst the Quality ;
 Of *Swarfen-Bridge*, that never was pull'd down,
 Of all the Rebels in full March to Town ;

And

And of an Hundred Things beside, that made
Lord-Mayor himself, and *Aldermen* afraid :
 Painting, with many an Oath, the Case in View,
 And ask'd the Porter what he thought to do ?
 Do ? say he, (gravely)——what I did before ?
 What I have done these Thirty Years and more,
 Carry, (as I am like to do) my Pack,
 If that but hold I care not ; for my Part,
 Come as come will, I ne'er shall break my Heart,
 I don't see Folks that fight about their Thrones,
 Mind either Soldiers Flesh, or Porters Bones ;
 Whoe'er gets better when the Battle's fought,
 Thy Pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat :
 But to the Purpose——now we are met here,
I'll be my Penny tow'rds a Pot of Beer.

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprise
 To see his Friend's Indifference, replies,
 What you say, Brother, to be sure is good,
 But, our *Religion, Tom*, (G—d d—n my Blood ;)
 What will become of our *Religion* ?——True !
 Says the *Fail-Bird*——and *our Freedom* too ?
 If the *Pretender* (rapt he out) comes on,
Our Liberties and Properties are gone !

And so the *Soldier* and the *Prisoner* join'd,
 To work up *Tom* into a better Mind ;
 He staring, dumb with Wonder struck and Pity,
 Took up his Load, and march'd into the City.

S O N G XXI.

The *ASS* in VOGUE.

P U S H about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven
the Heart,

While thus we sit round on the Grass :
The Lover who talks of his suffering and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass,

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass ;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon thinks of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Beau who so smart, with his well Powder'd
Hair,
An Angel beholds in the Glass :
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
May justly be reckon'd an Ass.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam
Of *Cæsus* the Wealth to surpass ;
And oft while he's wandring, my Lady at Home,
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Ass.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass ;
Tho' he talks to no Purpose he pockets his Fee,
There you, my good Friend, are the Ass.

N O The formal Physician who knows every Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Class ;

The

The Sick Man a-while may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Ass.

Then let us Companions be jovial and gay;
By turns take our Bottle and Laff;
For he who his Pleasures puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

S O N G XXII.

Sweet *NAN* of the *VALE*.

IN a small pleasant Village, by Nature compleat,
Of a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat:
There liv'd a young Lass of so lovely a Mein;
That seldom at Balls, or at Courts can be seen:
The sweet Damask Rose was full blown on her Cheek,
The Lilly display'd all its White on her Neck;
The Lads of the Village, all strove to prevail,
And call'd her in Raptures, *sweet Nan of the Vale*.
First young *Hodge* spoke his Passion, 'till quite
out of Breath,
Crying wounds he wou'd hug her, and kiss her to
Death;
And *Dick* with her Beauty was so much possess'd;
That he loath'd his Food and abandon'd his Rest:
But she cou'd find nothing in them to Endear,
So sent them away to sigh their Dispair,
And said no such Booby's cou'd tell a love Tale;
Or bring to Compliance *sweet Nan of the Vale*.

'Till

'Till young *Roger* the smartest of all the gay Green;
 Who lately to *London*, on a Frolick had been,
 Came home much improv'd, in his Air and Address
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success;
 He said Heaven form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd,
 And press'd her so closely, she cou'd not resist,
 And shew'd the dull Clowns, the right way to
 Affail,
 And brought to his wishes *sweet Nan of the Vale*.

S O N G XXIII.

The FAIR for ever.

MUSICK attune thy lyre,
 And imp my tender Wing;
 Lend all your aid, ye sacred Choir,
 The charming Fair to sing:
 To sing what Transports they display,
 How Beauty cheers the Ball;
 Ye gen'rous Wits attend my Lay,
 Ye Beaux be silent all.

Man was in Paradise unblest,
 No social Bliss he knew,
 'Till God-like Woman stood confest,
 Celestial to his View;
 With awe he gaz'd, with joy admir'd,
 His Makers best Decree,
 Delights unknown his Bosom fir'd,
 And Love his Tongue set free.

In

In every Age, in every Clime.
 The Sex is still Renown'd ;
 They Tune the Soul to Acts sublime,
 And all the Passions bound :
 Like bright *Aurora's* genial Beam,
 They gild the anxious Mind ;
 And Love and Beauty reign supreme,
 To Charm and Bless Mankind.

The Patriots zeal, the Warriors glow,
 The raptur'd Poets fire ;
 Ten Thousand tender joys we know,
 'Tis Female charms inspire :
 Let railing Fops despise the Sex,
 And Bliss they cannot share ;
 The Wife will thus their Standard fix,
 For ever Live the Fair.

EPIGRAM *on the present State of the Two*
 THEATRES.

O NE proud *Goliath*, *Gath* could boast,
 And *Philistines* of yore :
 But *Covent-Garden's* threat'ning Host,
 Boast one *Goliath* more.

Yet fear not you of *Drury-Lane*,
 By little *Champion* led,
 Their * two *Goliaths* roar in vain,
 While *David's* at your Head.

* Mr. *Q* ——— *n* and Mr. *B* ——— *y*.

S O N G.

S O N G XXIV.

The HAPPY COUPLE.

WHEN Morn her sweets shall first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold;
 On turfed Green, O let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund Day:
 Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
 Arise my fair, arise and prove,
 The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
 The best of Blessings here below,
 The best of Blessings here below.

To some clear River's verdant side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps guide;
 In concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll Sing and Love, shall be the Theme:
 E're night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When shadows lengthen o'er the Plain;
 We'll to yon Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure wait us there.

The laughing God, there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant Sport,
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat:
 There lost in Extacies of Joy,
 While tenderest Scenes our Thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the Hour our Loves begun,
 The happy Moment made us one.

The happy, &c.

S O N G

S O N G XXV.

TO dear *Amaryllis* young *Strephon* had long
Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for a
Song ;

He went one *May* Morning to meet in the Grove,
By her cwn dear Appointment the Goddess of
Love ;

Mean while in the Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each ; *can a Lover do more ?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Dispair, and Disdain :
The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
And the whole course of Nature was alter'd down
right.

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
But never to change ; *can a Lover do more ?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by Accident there ;
No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair ;
He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he
essay'd,

Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid !
Her kindly Compliance his peace did restore ;
And dear *Amaryllis* was thought of no more.

S O N G XXVI.

SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's Love
to deny,

And *Peggy's* uneasy when *Harry's* not by :

I will

I will own without Blushing, were all the World
by.

And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

He brought a Wreath which his Hands did com-
pose,

Where the dale-loving Lilly was turn'd with the
Rose,

Young Myrtle in Sprigs, did the Border inclose.
And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express'd,
The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermillion is drest,
And the Lilly for Whiteness woud' vie with your
Breast.

And *Willy's* the Lad for me:

These Ribbands of mine were his Gifts at the Fair,
My Mother looked cross, and cry'd *Fanny* beware,
But d'ye think I regard her, not I, I declare.

And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I saw my young Shepherd, how sweet was his
Look,

He ask'd for one Kiss, but a Hundred he took.

And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

I cry'd you're too rude, with affected Disdain,
(For early in Life we're instructed to feign)

He made me no Answer, but kiss'd me again.

And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

Then

That what can I do, instruct me ye Maids,
 When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
 Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades.
 And *Willy's* the Lad for me.

S O N G XXVIII.

JENNY of the GREEN.

WHILE others strip the new fall'n Snow,
 And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Musick's Pow'r too weak to paint,
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
 How oft I've run'd the Fav'rite Theme,
 And told my Tale unseen;
 While faithful in the Lover's Cause,
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause,
 To *Jenny* of the Green,

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
 When deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
 She hail'd the Sylvan Scene;
 Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease,
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry Rivals Sigh,
 On me she casts her partial Eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Meia;

The

The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen ;
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between,
And when we meet the Loss repay,
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G XXIX:

A HUNTING S O N G.

WHEN *Phœbus* the Tops of the Hills does
adorn,
How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn ;
When the anteling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
Erecting his Ears nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain,
But still we pursue, and now comes in view of
the glorious Game :
O see how again he rears up his Head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his Speed :

C

But

But oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose
 the Cries :
 For now his Strength fails him he heavenly flies,
 And he pants till with well scented Hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.

S O N G XXX:

NOW *Phæbus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome Song and welcome Jest,
 Midnight Shouts and Revelry,
 Tipsy dance and Jollity,
 Braid your Locks with Rosy Wine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigour now is gone to Bed,
 And Advice with Scrupulous Head ;
 Strict Age and Sow'r Severity
 With their Grave Sow in Slumber lie.

S O N G XXXI.

Col. LEE's Hunting S O N G.

THE Morning is Charming all Nature is
 gay,
 Away my brave Boys to your Horses away ;
 For the Prime of our pleasure and quest of the Hare
 We have not so much as a Moment to spare :
 Hark ! the merry ton'd Horn,
 How melodious it sounds ;
 To the musical Song,
 Of the merry mouth'd Hounds.

In

In yon stubble Field we shall find her below,
 So ho ! cries the Huntsman, hark to him, so ho !
 See, see, where she goes, and the Hounds have a
 view,

Such Harmony *Handel* himself never knew :
 Gates, Hedges and Ditches,
 To us are no bounds ;
 For the World is our own ;
 While we follow the Hounds.

Hold, hold it is a double, Hark hie, *Tanner*, hie,
 Tho' a Thousand gainsay him, a Thousand shall
 lie, .

His beauty surpassing, his truth has been try'd,
 At the head of the Pack an infallible Guide :
 To's Cry the wide Welkin,
 With Thunder resounds ;
 The darling of Hunters,
 The glory of Hounds.

O'er Highlands, and Lowlands, and Woodlands
 we fly,

Our Horses full speed, and our Dogs in full cry ;
 Somatch'd are they Mouth'd, and so even they
 run,

As they tune with the Spheres, and run with the
 Sun :

Health, joy and felicity, dancing around,
 And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and
 Hounds.

The old Hounds push forward a very sure sign,
 The Hare tho' a stout one begins to decline ;
 A Chace of two Hours or more she's us led,
 She's down look about you, they have her, ware
 dead :

How glorious a Death to be honour'd with
 sounds of Horns,
 And a shout to the Chorus of Hounds.

Here's a health to all Hunters, and long be their
 lives,
 May they never be crost by their Sweethearts or
 Wives ;
 May they rule their own Passions and e'er be at rest,
 As the most happy Men be they always the best :
 And free from the Care that the many sur-
 rounds,
 See Heaven at the last, when they see no
 more Hounds.

S O N G XXXII.

YE Maidens, ye Wives, and young Maidens
 Rejoice,
 Proclaim a thanksgiving with heart and with voice ;
 Since Water were Waters I dare boldly say,
 You ne'er had more cause for a Thanksgiving-day :
 For from London Town there is lately come down,
 Four able Physicians that never wore gown ;
 Whose Phyfick is pleasant, tho' their doses are large,
 And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.

No bolus, no vomit, no portion, no pill,
 Which

Which sometimes do cure, but oft'ner do kill ;
 Your taste or your palate need ne'er be displeas'd,
 If you'll be advis'd, you'd buy one of these :
 For they have a new drug, 'tis call'd the close hug,
 'Twill mend your Complexion, and make you look,
 finug ;
 'Tis a sovereign balsam, when once well apply'd,
 For tho' wounded at heart the patient ne'er dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be rob'd of your rest,
 For in your warm bed this physick works Best ;
 What tho' in the taking some stirring's requir'd
 The motion so pleasant, you cannot be tir'd :
 On your backs you must lye, with your bodies
 rais'd high ?
 And one of these Doctors must always be nigh ;
 Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
 For if you take cold all physick does harm.

But before these fine Doctors will give their
 direction,
 They always considers the patients complexion ;
 If she hath a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
 She requires more balsam than one Man can spare :
 If she hath a long nose the Lord above knows,
 How many large handfuls must go to a dose ;
 Ye Ladies that hath such ill symptoms as these,
 In conscience and honour shou'd pay double fees.

And so let us give to these Doctors due praise,
 Who to all kind of persons their favours convey ;
 To the ugly for pity's sake still shou'd be shown,
 But as for the handsome they're cur'd for their own :

On their silver or gold they never lay hold,
 For what comes so freely they scorn shall be sold;
 Then join with these Doctors and heartily pray,
 That the power of their physick may never decay.

AN EPILOGUE of an OWL.

WHAT do you Stare, and Wonder at? my
 Fowl?

Is it so strange a Sight to see an Owl?
 If you think so, pray gaze at one another,
 He has among you many a booting Brother.
 Don't be asham'd, my Bird, thy well spread Face
 Proves thee a Bird of Fashion, and of Race;
 And gives thee a strong influence in this Place. }
 What pity it is he ha'n't a Hat and Wig,
 How wou'd he Swear, and Swagger and look Big!
 Were he but full-dress'd out from Tip to Toe,
 Two Whores, a Chariot, Equipage for Show,
 Of all Mankind he'd be the greatest Beau.
 Then for a Voice! ———

His Pipe's so Sbrill, of such Harmonious Ring,
 So sweet he might in Handel's Opera Sing:
 And wou'd he tell, what gentle Nymphs he spies,
 Their Evening pranks, as he the Welkin flies,
 When they begin to Wing their silent flight,
 Just in the glooming shadings of Owl-light;
 He cou'd ——— but he's by Nature Close and Hush,
 And won't for shame put Ladies to the Blush.
 His high attainments in all parts of Knowledge,
 To shew his Education in the College.

From

From his Sage Phiz, and Philosophic Looks,
 'Tis plain he has Convers'd with modern Books.
 Read Whiston, Clarke and Clindon, o'er and o'er,
 With Collins, Coward, Tindall, many more :
 And tho' perhaps some may him think a Blinker,
 I can assure you Sirs, he's a Free Thinker.
 Who knows to what Preferment he may Climb ?
 He may a Judge, a General be in Time ;
 His Judgment, Courage, Gravity are great,
 Suited to any Post, in Camp or State.
 If for the Gown he rather Aims ? —————
 They'll ne'er desert, nor leave him in the Lurch,
 For Owls are still observ'd about the Church :
 Or if thou wouldst thy Country's Right protect,
 Defend Old Laws, or Publick Schemes Erect,
 At next Election, as a Member fit,
 Thou shalt be chose in Parliament to Sit.
 A Senate pick'd, Compos'd of such as You,
 What wonders for the Nation wou'd it do ?
 But thou must die, and when thy Life is fled,
 Some British Bard shall say, Alas he's Dead !
 In Rhimes as soft ——— as is the Poets Head.

Thus shall he Sing ———

How many Nations join to make thee Great,
 To swell thy Figure, build thy Fame Compleat ? }
 French Faith, English Religion, Irish Wit,
 In him alone these joint Perfections meet,
 But come — no more my Bird, as we came hither,
 So we'll march off like silly Owls together,

S O N G

S O N G XXXHI.

JUGGER's Christ'ning.

WHEN *Sol* had loos'd his weary teams,
 And turn'd his Steeds a grazing ;
 Ten fathom deep in Neptune's streams
 His Thetis lay embracing :
 The Stars tripp'd in the Firmament,
 Like Milk Maids on a May-day ;
 Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,
 Or School Boys on a Play Day.

When apace grow on the grey Ey'd Morn,
 the Herds in Fields were Lowing,
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
 the Plowman's Cock was Crowing ;
 When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
 was wak'd by a Revel Rout Sir,
 And *Cicely* told him he needs must Rise,
 for his *Juggy* was crying out Sir.

Not half so merry the Cups go round,
 at the tapping a good Ale Firkin,
 As *Roger* when his Hosen and Shoon he'd found,
 and Burton'd his Leather'n Jerkin ;
 Grey Mare he Saddl'd with wond'rous Speed,
 with Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And for an old Midwife away he rode,
 to bring the young Brat to Light Sir.

O good Mother I pray get up,
 the fruit of my Labours now come,

And

And there lies struggling in *Fuggy's* Wom',
 and cannot get out till you come ;
 I'll help it cries the old Hag ne'er doubt,
 thy *Fuggy* shall do well again Boy,
 For I'll warrant thee I can get the Kid out,
 as well as thou got'st in Boy.

The Mare now Mounting very soon,
 no Whip nor Spur was wanting,
 And soon as the old Wife enters the Room,
 Whew ! Crys out the Bantling ;
 A female Chit so small was Born,
 You might have put it into a Flaggon,
 And it must be Christ'n'd that very Morn,
 For fear it shou'd Die a Pagon.

There was *Roger* and *Doll*, and constant *Kate*,
 gossips to this great Christ'ning,
 And while the good Wives did merrily Prate,
Fuggy in Bed lay list'ning ;
 Some talk'd of this, some talk'd of that,
 of Chat they were not Sparing,
 Some said it was so Small a Brat,
 'twas hardly worth the Rearing .

But *Roger* he strutted about the Hall,
 as great as the Prince of *Condi* ;
 He cries altho' her parts are small,
 they may be bigger one Day :
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs be close,
 and as little as any Spider,
 You need not fear but in sixteen Year,
 she'll lay them a great deal wider.

For then She'll be a Woman grown;
 Ize hau'd five Pound in Money,
 And will have a little one of her own,
 as well as *Juggy* my Honey ;
 O these will be Joyful days to see,
 and i'll strive for to advance her,
 That *Juggy* may a Granny be,
 then I shall be a Granfire.

The nappy Ale went swiftly Round,
 as brown as any Berry ;
 With which the good Wives being Crown'd,
 they all were wond'rous Merry ;
 Then *Roger* he tip'd it over the Thumb,
 to every honest Neighbour,
 Saying, a twelve Month hence pray come,
 Once more to my *Juggy's* Labour.

S O N G XXXIV.

TOO plain dear Youth, these Tell tale Eyes,
 my Heart your own declare,
 But for Heaven's Sake let it suffice,
 you Reign Triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Power to try,
 nor farther Urge your Sway,
 Press not for what I must deny,
 for fear I should obey.

But could your Arts successful prove,
 wou'd you a Maid undo ?

Those.

Whose greatest failing is her Love,
and that her Love for You.

Say, wou'd you use that very Power,
you from her fondness Claim;
To ruin in one fatal Hour,
a Life of spotless Fame.

Ah ! cease my Dear, to do an Ill,
because perhaps you may :
But rather try your utmost Skill,
To save me then betray.

Be you yourself, my Virtue's Guard,
defend and not pursue ;
Since 'tis a Task for me to hard,
to strive with Love and You.

SONG XXXV.

BLOWZABELLA.

OF *Anna* Charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza's* Beauty,
My Song shall be of *Blowzabel*,
to Sing of her's my Duty ;
The fair who arm'd with Cupids Darts,
his flames and other matters,
Is all around behung with Hearts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

To lavish Nature much she owes,
and much to Education,

Ye

Ye Girls, and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,
 are struck with admiration ;
 For blended in her Cheeks there lies,
 the Carrot and the Turnip,
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
 his very heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
 her Teeth all black and yellow,
 Her curling Hair of Saffron hue,
 her Lips like any Tallow ;
 Her Voice so loud and eke so shrill,
 far off it is admired,
 Her Tongue — which never yet lay still,
 and yet was never tired.

Ten thousand wonders rise to View,
 all o'er the lovely Creature,
 The pearly Sweat like Morning dew,
 gilds every shining Feature !
 As *Isaac* of his *Rosie* said,
 she's like a Forrest savour ;
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid,
 reserves her hidden Favours,

O *Blowzabel* for thee we pant,
 for thee our Hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all that Lovers want,
 to quench their raging Fire :
 I then kindly take us to thine Arms,
 and in compassion save us,
 From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,
 which cruelly enslave us.

SONG

S O N G XXXVI.

YE Gales that gentle wave the Sea,
 And please the canny Boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
 My brave, my bonny Scotman :
 In haly Bands we join'd our Hands,
 yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate a large Estate,
 before a faithful Lover.

But I foor chuse in Highland Glens,
 to herd the Kid, and Goat man,
 E'er I cou'd sic little Ends,
 refuse my bonny Scot—man ;
 Wae worth the Man who first began,
 the base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's Art to use,
 while strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
 haste to thy longing Lassie,
 Who pants to press thy bawny Mouth,
 and in her Bosom hawse thee ;
 Love gives the Word, then haste on board,
 fair Winds and tenty Boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonders shore,
 my blyth, my bonny Scotman.

The ROBBER ROBB'D.

A Certain Priest had hoarded up
 a Mass of secret Gold ;

And

And where he might bestow it safe,
he knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his Thought
to lock it in a Chest;
Within the Chancel, and he wrote
thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind
did long for such a Prey,
Respecting not the sacred Words
That on the Casket lay;

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
the Priest's Inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic:*
Your God is rose and gone.

SONG XXXVII.

The BLOOMING SPRING.

THE gloomy Winter now forbears,
to glimmer on our Isle;
The charming Spring her lustre bears,
all Nature seems to smile,
all Nature seems to smile.

The Meadows they are painted green,
the Sun bids forth the Day;
And Flowers adorn the pleasant scene,
all Nature deigns to play.

The purling Streams and chrystal Floods,
the murmuring Brooks so sweet;

The

The verdant Walks and shady Woods,
combine to make Compleat.

Now Fishes wanton in the stream,
and sportive Lambs do play ;
The Clown he whistles to his Team,
all happy in the Day.

Repair ye Mortals, then repair
to a Country Life 'tis best ;
The pleasing Scenes, sweet ambient Air,
give Joy, and Health and Rest.

HODGE *and the* DEVIL.

A TALE.

By Mr. J. NICOLL.

*Non omne quod Micat
Aurum est.*

IS there a Man, so rich an Heir
To Fortune's providential Care,
Whom Disappointments ne'er perplex,
Nor anxious Visitations vex ?
In heavy Loads Mankind have had 'em,
Down from their ancient Daddy Adam.

All is not Gold, the Proverb says,
That glitters, with refulgent Rays ;
And those who court its bright Possession,
Oft times embrace an airy Vision.

So when 't has been a poor Poet's Fate
 To 've vain Dependence on the Great ;
 Or Expectation of a Purse
 Of splendid Guineas for his Verse,
 And Promises are all his Gains,
 What golden Dreams perplex his Brains !
Roger, a Swain, knew either how
 To drive a Cart, or milk a Cow ;
 And always had good Share of Plow ;
 When having spent in Toil the Day,
 At Night he'd whistle home his Way.

It happen'd once upon a Time,
 Possess'd with Learning most sublime,
Hodge conversation'd with the Devil,
 Who serv'd poor *Hodge* Trick most uncivil :
 Indeed — the Devil, say you ? — ay ;
 And you shall hear how by and-by.

Roger coming Home one Night, Sir,
 With a waundy Appetite, Sir ;
 Impatient Gut exciting, he
 Breaks out in this Soliquy :
 • Of all the Dainties Eating's good in,
 • There's none compar'd with Beef and Pudding ;
 • And now and then, brave hearty Cheer !
 • A Jugg of Farmer *Barley's* Beer,
 • Than which there's nought can better please,
 • Well bung'd with Lunch of Bread and Cheese.
 • But let me see — as I'm a Sinner,
 • There's all the Beef left, boil'd for Dinner :

Oh !

- ‘ Oh ! Beef, thou Source of all Delight,
 ‘ With thee I’ll glut my Soul this Night !’

Hodge, being arriv’d at Pantry-Door,
 Where he had left boil’d Beef galore :
 T’ his great Surprize and small Relief,
 He found that some damn’d hungry Thief,
 Had made away with all the Beef !
 Oh ! how he storm’d and made a Rout,
 Cou’d he but find the Villian out.——
 Howe’er, he swore he’d have an Answer
 The next Morn from cunning Man, Sir ;
 But how he made it up with Belly,
 I will as brief as may be tell ye :
 And, without any more ado,
 The Sequel of the Tale pursue.

At last, says *Hodge*, and scratch’d his Head,
 ‘ Must I go Supperless to Bed ?
 ‘ —— No, —— let me see —— a Spark o’ Fire
 ‘ Now wou’d gratify my Desire.’
 ’Tis found —— and having ta’en a Skillet,
 With Milk and Flour he hastes to fill it ;
 Of which, a Mess all on a sudden
 He made and call’d it Hasty Pudding ;
 And of it having eat most manful-
 Ly, about a three Quart Pan full ;
Roger began to be at rest,
 And so betook himself to Nest.
 How sweet’s the Life of rural Swains ?
 What Bliss succeeds their daily Pains ?
 His homely Hur, twice fifty Suns,
 Had stood unvisited by Duns ;

And

And no Importancy of State-
Affairs perplex'd his peaceful Pate;
For let 'em go, Sir, as they will,
Roger is semper eadem still.

But, lo! about the Dead of Night,
A hideous cloven-footed Sprite
Appear'd to *Hodge*, with stretch'd out Claws,
The poor and harmless trembling Swain,
Mumbling o'er his Pray'rs amain:
' I'm *Pluto*, Swain, the Phantom said;
' Come, follow me, be not dismay'd.'
With cringing Bow and great Submission,
He strait obeys the dreadful Vision.

Hodge behind, the Devil before,
Making their Exit out at Door;
You wou'd ha' burst your Sides with Laughter,
To've seen the Clown creep quivering after.

Into the Orchard *Pluto* goes,
With his black A—— row'rd's *Hodge's* Nose,
Where pointing to ancient Tree,
' *Roger*, hard by that Root, says he,
' There lies a Fund of Gold for thee.' }
At that a Smile o'erspread his Face,
And *Hodge* began to've Heart of Grace,
And thus accosts the gen'rous Devil,
' Faith, Master *Pluto*, this is civil,
' And I ever shall endeavour
' To recompense this wondrous Favour: ———
' But, hold tho' — stay — how shall I find
' The Place again, no Mark behind?'

' Good

' Good Sir, if 'tis not too much Trouble,
 ' Will you tell me that, Sir ? ——— Bubble.'
 ' Sh—te near the Place, and on my Wo
 ' Thou'lt know next Morning by the T——d.'

Hodge made a Shift I know not how,
 To thank him with an aukward Bow ;
 Then strain'd the Token there to lay,
 And strait the Devil fled away.

Roger in the Morning wak'd,
 His golden Pudding being bak'd,
 And rubb'd his Eyes, and rais'd his Head,
 And found a swinging T——d in Bed.

SONG XXXVIII,

The BONNY BROOM.

HOW blith was I each Morn to see,
 my Swain come o'er the Hill ;
 He leap'd the Brook and flew to me,
 I met him with good Will ;

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 when his Flocks near me lay,
 He gathered in my Sheep at Night,
 and cheer'd me all the Day.

O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
 where last was my Repose,
 I wish I was with my dear Swain,
 with his Pipe and his Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sa sweet,
 the Birds stood listning by ;

The

The fleecy Sheep stood still and gaz'd,
 charm'd with his Melody:
 And thus we spent our Time by turns,
 betwixt our Flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 tho' e'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 could I but faithful be;
 He stole my Heart could I refuse,
 what e'er he ask'd of me:
 Hard fate that I must vanish'd be,
 gang heavily and mourn;
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
 that ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

SONG XXXIX.

The Lass with the golden Locks.

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more
 Nor all the bright Beauties that charm'd
 me before;

My self for a slave to gay Venus I've sold:
 And barter'd my freedom for Ringlets of Gold;
 I throw down my Pipe, and neglects all my flocks
 And will sing of my Lass with the golden Locks.

Thus o'er her white Forehead the gilt Tresses flow,
 Like the Rays of the Sun on a Hillock of Snow;
 Such Painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair
 'Tis

'Tis the taste of the Ancients, 'tis classical Hair ;
 And tho' Witlings may scoff, and tho' Raillery
 mocks,
 Yet I'll sing of my Lads with the golden Locks.

Then the Swan in the Brook, she's more dear to
 fight,

Her Mein is more stately, her breast is more white
 Her Lips are like Rubies, all Rubies above,
 Which are fit for the Labour or Language of Love
 At the Park in the Mall, at the Play in the Box,
 My Lads bears the belle with her golden Locks.

Her beautiful Eyes as they roll or they flow,
 Shall be glad for my Joy, or shall weep for my
 woe;

She shall ease my fond Heart, and shall sooth my
 soft Pain,

While thousand of Rivals are fighting in vain :
 Let them rail at the Fruit they can't reach, like
 the Fox,

While I have the Lads with the golden Locks. ,

EPIGRAM ON *F---te* and *W---d*.

THAT *F---te* an Ass took off, the Story
 goes,
 And *W---d* bray'd, but snuffled in the Nose ;
 To whom their Umpire cry'd — Peace, Peace,
 you Puppy,
F---t's the true finish'd Ass — you but his Copy.

An

An Epilogue on NO-BODY.

Enter No-body in a Cloak.

WELL Sirs! I've kept my Word, tho'
 as I take it,
 You were but fairly bitt if I should break it,
 For what's an Epilogue, if No body's to speak it?
 But least the humour in the Cheat should lie,
 Thus I transform myself to No-body.

[Throws off his Cloak]

In this vile punning Form some ancient Noddy,
 Took on himself to represent No-body.
 Gross is my Shape tis true, but then my Mind
 Is fraught with all the Virtues of Mankind:
 The Lovers Threats, the Lawyers honest Pleading,
 The Train-bands courage, and the Tars good breeding.
 The Misers Alms, the Widows bashful Eye,
 The Tradesmans honour, and the Coquets Sincerity,
 Whe World must own Conspicuous are in No-body.
 As I've my Virtues, so too I've my failings;
 One is just with all Mankind Plain-dealing.

Before Creation was I boast my Birth
 From Shapeless Chaos older than the Earth;
 Brother to Nothing, eldest Son of Shade,
 Before the Word was, No-body was made.
 Since its Formation I'm brought into Use,
 And tho' most harmless, yet suffer all abuse:
 When Mischief happens Some-body has done it
 And yet its hard that No-body shou'd own it.
 At Court how Places, how Preferments Sell,
 Some-body knows, but No-body must tell;
 When wrong Steps in Government are made,

Always

*Always on No-body the Blunders laid :
 And if to Publick Grievances they amount,
 Why still poor No-body's call'd to account,
 Oh ! how wou'd some here look were I
 To tell what pass'd when No-body was by ?
 Oh the warm pleasures you receive and give !
 The Vows you Swear which only I believe :
 How does my Name dispell the fair ones fear ?
 When the Love whispering last salutes her Ear ?
 By Heaven my Angel, No body is near !
 The foolish Girl by wicked Men beguil'd,
 When ask'd how came it ? She with looks half
 wild*

*Will say that No-body got her with Child.
 When the Gallant surpriz'd his Mistress leaves,
 The Noise is heard, the Husband thinks it's Thieves
 Sudden he starts, and loud demands whose there ?
 The Wife replies there's No-body my Dear.
 When the Plates lost tho' laid in Chest secure,
 Or the Wine drank tho' double lock'd the Door,
 Who cou'd come there ? why No-body to be sure.*

*They call Us No-body that's wrongly said,
 We are a Body, but we want a Head ;
 Thus Headless, Heartless, Pennyless we Play :
 Yet might get Money that I dare to say :
 If could prove we had No-body to Pay.*

*The forward Miss for Girls are given to lie,
 Will at each fault cry it was No-body :*

*But bold Sir Negative for at this Rate,
 A Man for ever might of Nothing Prate,
 So let the fit of Praise or Censure seize ye,
 You still must own that No-body can please Ye.*

SONG

SONG XL.

BLYTH JOCKEY.

BLYTH *Jockey* young and gay,
 is all my Heart's delight ;
 He's all my talk by Day
 and all my Dreams by Night :
 If from the Lad I be,
 'tis Winter then with me,
 But when he tarries here,
 'tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jockey* met first,
 on the flowry Dale,
 Right sweetly he me prest,
 and Love was all his Tale :
 You are the Lass said he,
 that stole my Heart from me,
 And look'd so sweetly kind,
 that I my Heart resign'd.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
 sad when he ganges away :
 'Tis Night when *Jockey* glooms,
 but when he smiles 'tis Day :
 When our Eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh and faint,
 What Lass that wou'd be kind,
 can better tell her Mind.

S O N G XLI.

The CONFESSI^{ON}.

O Lovely *Calia* Heavenly Maid,
 Kind, Gentle, Fair and Free;
 In all thy Sexes Charms array'd,
 How few are form'd like thee;
 Thy Image always fills my Mind,
 The Theme of every Song;
 I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,
 But ask not for how long.

The Fair in general I've admir'd,
 Have long been false and True;
 And when the last my Fancy tir'd,
 It wander'd round to You:
 Then while I can I'll be sincere.
 As Turtles to their Mates,
 The Moment's Yours and mine my Dear,
 The next You know is Fates.

WOMEN the best Politicians.

A TALE

O NE Night plump *Suz* and Coachman *Ned*,
 A Bargain struck in haste to wed,
 A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
 To loose their Pledge, who first repented.
 Time, for the Matrimonial Farce
 To-morrow comes ——— *NED* hangs an A—se.

Of bad the best poor Suxy makes,
 And angry claims his forfeit Stakes.
 NED frankly paid it as agreed,
 Of a worse Bargain to be freed;
 Quoth he — *thou'st welcome on my Life,*
A cheap Divorsement from a Wife!
 — The crafty Quean, who feign'd a while;
 Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
A Fool! 'tis well you first relented,
I'd lost had you but seem'd contented;
 Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
 One Shilling spend — and pocket Four.

Ladies, lay OVID's Rules apart,
 In Love learn thriftier SUSAN's Art.

*Written by a young Gentleman.**

KITTY, a fair but frozen Maid,
 Kindled a Flame I yet deplore;
 The hood-wink'd Boy, I call'd for Aid,
 Much of his near Approach afraid;
 So fatal to my Suit before.

At length, propitious to my Prayer,
 The little Urchin came;
 From Earth I saw him mount in Air,
 And soon he clear'd with dext'rous Care,
 The bitter Relicks of my Flame.

* On the Maid setting Fire to the Chimney.

To

To *Kitty*, *Sally* now succeeds,
 Who kindles *slow* but lasting Fires;
 Each *Appetite* of mine she feeds;
 Who every Day a Victim bleeds,
 To satisfy my warm Desires.

Say, but what *Title*, or what *Name*,
 Shall I the *Youth* address,
Cupid and *he* are not the same,
 Yet both can raise, or quench a *Flame*,
 Read this again and guess.

EPIGRAM.

*Occasion'd by the Night Piece, or Modern
 Philosophy of Mr. C—S—.*

THE *Moon* shone bright! yet dark the *Night*!
 Sure *Kitt* has mis'd the *Mark*!
 Oh—No—'tis right—he wanted *Light*
 To see—that it was dark.

The CHRISTMAS PIE.

A Comic TALE.

NEAR *Bedford Town*, of ancient Fame,
 A red hair'd Plowman, *Dick* by Name,
 Long liv'd, and long had been in Love
 With *Kate*, the Cook-maid of the *Grove*.
 At length impatient of Delay,
 He bids her fix the nuptial Day;

3

Quite

Quite from her dripping Pan remove,
 And never tell her more of Love:
Kate starr'd at this, *Dick* cast an Eye,
 First on the Wench, and then the Pie.
 But Judgment not to form in Haste,
 Permission begs that he might taste.
Dick tasted, and the Taste approv'd,
 Then doubted which he better lov'd.
 Women, 'tis said, are good, he cries,
 But are they half so good as Pies?
 To fix Resolve he strove in vain,
 So wisely ask'd to taste again.
 Again he tastes, again approves,
 Nor longer doubts which best he loves:
 The Trial's past the Conflicts o'er,
 And *Kitty* triumphs now no more.
 But fearing lest the slighted Maid,
 Might lay the Ladle o'er his Head,
 He turns to th' Squire, and makes reply,
 Sir, if you please, I'll take the Pie.
 The Pie! the Squire repeats aloud,
 Well chosen *Dick*, the Pie was good.
 At this enrag'd, the furious Cook
 Fast hold her pow'rful Rival took:
Dick knew her Strength, and bravely try'd
 To hold as fast the other Side:
 Each pull'd, nor pull'd at last in vain,
 For oh! the Platter split in twain.
Dick mad at this so sad Disaster,
 Now d—d the Wench, and now her Master;
 Stamp'd, swore aloud, and curst his Fate,
 Then view'd the Pie—and scratch'd his Pate.

But when saw the luscious Grease,
 The Fat and Plumbs o'rsread the Place;
 To save it from the Jaws of Tray,
 Whose liquorish Chops were fast at Play;
 In haste he kneels upon the Floor,
 And murmuring calls his *Kitty* Whore,
 The angry Nymph enrag'd anew,
 With all her Force at *Richard* flew.
 The Squire well pleas'd, stood laughing by,
 And cried, O *Dick*, you've spoil'd the Pie.
 He turn'd his Head, and 'gan to rise,
 When oh ! too fatal to his Eyes,
Kate to compleat his dire Disgrace,
 With Pie all o'er besmear'd his Face.
 Tray, willing not a Bit to lose,
 Seizes fast hold his plaster'd Nose;
Dick now began aloud to roar,
 And drives directly to the Door,
 Nor sees the spatter'd Pie, nor angry *KITTY* }
 more.

P O O R D I C K.

A T A L E.

AS *Richard* walk'd with *Peggy*, hand in hand,
 Reason could scarce their fierce Desires
 Command,

His wishing Eyes did his fond Longings tell,
 Her Breasts with equal Longings rose and fell.

Peggy was bashful, *Richard* was too slow,
 Both long'd to tell their Wish, yet knew not how.

In

In trembling Accents *Richard* thus begun,
Peggy, your Beauty has my Peace undone;
 Where'er I go, you still are in my Mind,
 No other Thought can there Admittance find,
 Or thrashing here, or praying in the Pew,
 Your Image does my scatter'd Thoughts pursue.
 He said, and blushing turn'd his Face away
 To hear what *Peggy* in return would say;
 Who was o'erjoy'd to hear the Swain so kind,
 And was resolv'd she would not lag behind.

Richard said she,
 I've often thought your Hands were softer much
 Than any Swain's that I did ever touch;
 Your pleasant Eyes with greater Lustre shine,
 And Cherry Cheeks, and whitest Teeth are thine;
 Your shining Hair, in gayer Ringlets flows,
 And ev'ry Feature still superior shews.
 O'erjoy'd, the Shepherd kiss'd the lovely Maid,
 Which she with wanton Eagerness repaid.
 A Kiss, good Gods! — which might the Coldest
 fire,

And raise in wintry Age, a young Desire.
 But he, who never knew the like before
 Broke into vile Abuse, and call'd her Whore;
 To hawking fell, and wiping of his Mouth,
 And often swore, the Kiss was quite uncouth.
Peggy, finding her Kindness thus abus'd,
 Of weak Stupidity the Swain accus'd;
 Shew'd him his Folly, and her kind Intent,
Richard with Tears his Folly did repent,
 And try'd each Art the Damsel to content,
 But all in vain, *Peggy* would ne'er relent.

Enrag'd, she swore she wou'd revenge the Trick,
So sent him packing with an—— Ah *Poor Dick!*

S O N G XLII.

The BIG-BELLY'D BOTTLE

THE Women all tell me,
I'm false to my Lads;
That I quit my poor *Chloe*,
and stick to my Glafs:
But to you Men of Reason,
my Reason I'll own,
And if you don't like them,
why, let them alone.

Altho' I have left her,
the Truth I'll declare;
I believe she was good,
and I'm sure she was fair!
But Goodness and Charms, in
a Bumper I see,
That makes it as good, and
as Charming as she.

My *Chloe* had Dimples, and
Smiles I must own;
But tho' she could Smile, yet
in Truth she could Frown:
But tell me ye Lovers,
of Liquor so fine,
Did you e'er see a Frown,
in a Bumper of Wine.

Her

Hér Lillies and Roses were
 just in their Prime,
 Yet Lillies and Roses;
 are Conquer'd by Time ;
 But in Wine from its Age,
 such a Ben'fit flows,
 That we like it the better,
 the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would
 in Time have been cloy'd ;
 And that Beauty's insipid,
 when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in Wine, I both Time,
 and Enjoyment defy,
 For the longer I Drink,
 the more Thirsty am I.

Let Murders and Battles,
 and History prove,
 The Mischief that wait on
 Rivals in Love :
 But in Drinking, thank *Bacchus*,
 no Rivals contends,
 The more we love Liquor,
 the more we are Friends.

She too might have Poison'd
 the Joy of my Life,
 With Nurses and Babies, and
 Squaling and Strife :
 But my Wine neither Nurses,
 nor Babies can bring.

And a BIG-BELLY'D BOTTLE'S
a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when
with Love we engage,
It brings on Diseases,
and hastens old Age :
But Wine from grim Death,
can its Votaries save,
And keep out t'other Leg, when
there's one in the Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever
false to their Word,
She had left me ——— to get an
Estate, or a Lord :
But my Bumper, regarding
neither Title, nor Pelf,
Will stand by me, while I
can't stand by myself.

Then let my Dear *Chloe*,
no longer complain,
She's rid of her Lover,
and I of my Pain :
For in Wine, mighty Wine,
many Comforts I spy,
Shou'd you doubt what I say,
take a Bumper and try.

SONG

SONG XLIII.

DAMON and CELIA.

ON E *April* Morn when from the Sea,
Phæbus was just appearing ;
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
 long settled Love endearing :
 Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen,
 on Parents unrelenting ;
 He bred of Tory Race had been
 she of the Tribe Dissenting.

Celia whose Eyes out-shone the God,
 newly the Hills adorning ;
 Told him *Mamma* would be stark Mad,
 she missing Prayers that Morning :
Damon his Arms around her Waist,
 swore that nought shou'd them sunder ;
 Shou'd my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
 'twou'd make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones with Ambition blind,
 by Faction still Support it ;
 Or where vile Money taints the Mind,
 they for Convenience Court it ;
 But mighty Love that scorns to shew,
 party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a Vessel true,
 let him be Whig or Tory.

A PROLOGUE to the Taste.

BEfore this Court, I Peter Puff appear,
 A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer ;
 Who for myself and eke a Hundred others,
 My useful, Honest, Learn'd, Bawling Brothers,
 With much Humility and Fear implore Te,
 To lay our present Desperate Case before Te.
 'Tis said this Night, a certain Wag intends
 To laugh at Us, our calling and our Friends ;
 If Lords, and Ladies, and such dainty Folks,
 Are cur'd of Auction-bunting by his Jokes ;
 Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the Land
 Before you buy, before you Understand ;
 Oh ! think on Us, what various Ills will flow,
 When Great Ones only purchase what they know.
 Why Laugh at Taste ? it is a harmless Fashion,
 And quite Subdues each detrimental Passion.
 The Fair-one Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
 While thus they Rage for China and Japan.
 The Virtuoso too, and Connoisseur,
 Are ever Decent, Delicate and pure ;
 The smallest Hair their Looser thoughts might hold,
 Just warm when Single, and when Married Cold ;
 Their Blood at Sight of Beauty, gently flows,
 Their Venus must be Old and want a Nose ;
 No Am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives,
 'Tis the Complaint indeed of all our Wives !
 'Tis said Virtue to such a Height is grown,
 All Artists are Encourag'd — but our Own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare an Oath,
 I never yet Sold Goods of Foreign Growth :

Ne'er

Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome,
 My best Antiquities are made at Home;
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at Hand,
 True-Britons all, and living in the Strand.
 I Ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
 They furnish out my Room from Herculanum.
 But Hush —

Shou'd it be known that English are Employ'd,
 Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd.
 No matter what our Countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as Antients, but as Moderns Starve.
 If we shou'd fall — to You it will be Owing,
 Farewell to Arts — they're going, going, going.
 The fatal Hammer's in your Hand O Town!
 Then set Us up, and Knock the Post Down.

SONG XLIV.

The LASS of the MILL.

WHO has e'er been at *Badlock* must needs
 know the Mill,
 At the sign of the Horse at the Foot of the Hill;
 Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the
 Beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go,
 Without all, &c.

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a Shape, and so winning an Air,
 That once on the ever-green Bank as I stood,
 I'd sworn she was *Venus* just sprung from the Flood.

But

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,
 For *Venus* tho' fair has the look of a Rake;
 While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill,
 The more beautiful looks of the Lads of the Mill.

Prometheus stole Fire as the Poets all say
 To enliven that Mass which he modell'd of Clay;
 Had *Polly* been with him the beams of her Eyes,
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the Skies.

Since first I beheld this dear Lads of the Mill,
 I ne'er can be at quiet, but do what I will;
 All the Day and all Night I sigh and think still,
 I shall die if I have not this Lads of the Mill.

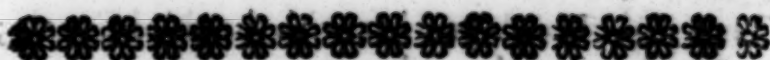
SONG XLV.

PLAIN TRUTH.

THE Man who seeks to win the fair,
 (So Custom says) must Truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the Goddess to the Sky.

For Truth is hateful to the Ear,
 A Rudeness which she cannot bear;
 A Rudeness! Yes; I speak my Thoughts,
 For Truth upbraids her with her Faults.

How wretch'd *Chloe* then am I,
 Who love you and yet cannot lie;
 And still to make you less my Friend,
 I strive your Error to amend.



Country Dances.

The Prince of WALES's Birth-Day.

THE first Couple foot it and cast off two Couple. Lead up to the Top and cast off. Hands six round; and right Hands and left at Top.

JEMMEY's Fancy.

The first and second Couple Hands across. Left Hands back again. First Couple cast off, the Man hands round with the third Couple, and the Woman with the second. The first Man heys with the third Couple, and the Woman with the second. Set contrary Corners and turn. Lead thro' Bottom and Top and turn.

CADGER's in the CONNONGATE.

The first Man set across and turn; and his Partner do the same to the second Man. First Couple cast off one Couple, foot it, the Man cast off the the third Couple, and the Woman cast up the second Couple. Fall in Top and Bottom, foot it all six and turn your Partner. The first Couple
right

right Hands and left with the second Couple.
Then right Hands and left with the third Couple;
and lead thro' Sides and turn.

PENINGTON'S Rant.

The first Couple heys with the second Woman; then with the second Man. Cross over half Figure; and right Hands and left.

Trip to MAIDENHEAD.

The first Couple cross over and turn right Hands Cross up again and turn left Hands. Lead down two Couple and cast up one; and right Hands and left with the second Couple.

Rough and Smooth.

The first Couple half Figure down on their own Sides. The same back again. Gallop down land up; and cast off. Foot it and turn.

No JOY like LOVE.

The first Couple cross over and turn Hands. Cross over the third Couple and turn. Half Figure up on your own Sides; and down again. Hands all six. Lead up to the Top and foot it, and cast off.

The

The BRIDE has a bonnie Thing.

The first and second Couple foot it four Times, and right and left half round. Then the same back again. Gallop down and up, and cast off. Foot it and turn.

St. JAMES's Park.

The first Couple cast off and Hands round with the third. Cast up, Hands round with the second Couple. Gallop down two Couple and up again; and cast off. The second Couple do the same. The two Men lead between the two Women and foot it; and the two Women do the same between the two Men. The first Couple cast off and lead thro' the third; cast up, and right Hands and left at Top.

Lady CHARLOTT's Delight.

All the Men take Hands, and all the Women take Hands and foot it, and change Sides; then foot it and come into your own Places; cross over and half Figure, and right Hands and left.

Fair FANNY.

The first Couple foot it and turn. Then foot it Sides and turn. Cross over and half Figure with the third Couple, and right and left at Top.
She,

She's o'er young to Marry yet.

The first Couple foot it to the second Woman; Hands three round. Foot it to the second Man; Hands all four round. Lead down two Couple; and the second and third Couple follows; cross over and turn your Partner.

TENT and BRANDY.

The first Couple cast off and cross over the third Couple; the same back again; cross over and turn; and right Hands and left.

SUNBURY Common.

The first Couple cast off two Couple, and up again, cross over two Couple and lead up to the Top, and cast off. Hands round with the third Couple, and right Hands and left with the Top.

RED and all RED.

The first Man foot it and turns his Partner. Then set to the second Woman. Hands all three round. The first Man leads his Partner behind the second Man, and Hands three with second and third Woman, and the Woman hands three round with the second and third Man. Hands six round and turn your Partner.

And

And thou wart my only Dear.

The first Couple heys with the second Woman; then with the second Man. The first Couple lead down one Couple, cast up and turn then the second Couple lead up and cast off and turn. The first Man set across and turn; the Women does the same, Gallop down and up, cast off. Right Hands and left.

CHARLES'S Jigg.

Foot it; cast off two Couple. Foot it cross up to the Top; Hands round with the second Couple; and cross over and turn.

The Auld Man's from Home.

The first Couple lead down one Couple, and cast up. Foot it Back to Back quite round; cross over half Figure. Lead thro' the third Couple, cast up and turn.

Marshal SAXE's Tamborine.

The last Strain once.

The first Couple lead down one Couple cast up and turn. The second Couple lead up cast off and turn. Gallop down two Couple and up again, cast off. Hands all six round,

The

The Pretty Milliner.

The first and second Couple right Hands across. The same back again. Cross over half Figure and turn. Lead thro' third Couple, cast up and turn.

The bonniest Lass in all the World.

The first Couple foot it and turn; then foot it Sides and turn; then lead down two Couple, cast up one and foot it; and right Hands and left at Top. The first Man Hands three round with the third Couple, and the Woman Hands three round with the second Couple; then the Man hands three round with the second Couple, and the Woman with the third Couple. Lead thro' Sides and turn.

Wanton BETTY's Vagaries.

The first Couple take Hands and foot it round the second Man, until the first Man comes into the second Woman's Place; then lead between the two Men. Fall in Top and Bottom, foot it and turn. Set contrary Corners and turn. Lead out Sides and turn.

Welcome Home again.

The first Man set cross and turn; his Partner do the same. Cross over two Couple, lead up to the

the Top, cast off; foot it Back to Back quite round, and right Hands and left.

The TEA-POT.

The first Couple cross over and turn Hands; cross back and turn. Lead down two Couple, cast up one Couple; and right Hands and left at Top.

Ranting Lawyer.

First and second Couples half right and left; the same back again. First Couple cast off and turn; right Hand and left at Top.

GARRICK's Delight.

First Couple lead thro' the second, cast up and turn; the second Couple the same. Two Men lead thro' the two Women and turn; two Women the same. First Couple whole Figure thro' the second; second Couple Figure thro' the first. First Couple lead down the Middle, up again and cast off, right Hand and left at Top.

Huddle it over.

First Couple cast off one Couple, foot it and cast off below the third Couple; cast up again in the same Manner to the Top. Cross over and turn; Hands four round at Top.

GRAY'S

GRAY'S-INN BELLES.

First and second Couples half right and left ; the same back again. First and second Couples right Hands across half round, and left Hands back again. First Couple cast off and turn. First Couple go the Figure thro' the third Couple, his Partner the same, at the same Time thro' the second Couple, the same again, the Man at Top and Woman at Bottom. Lead out on the Man's Side ; lead out on the Woman's Side, and turn it out.

The Junketting-Bout.

First Man set and turn the second Woman ; his Partner the same. First Couple whole Figure thro' the second ; cast off and turn ; whole Figure thro' the third Couple, and right and left with the second.

Bilk the Landlord.

First Man set to the second Woman, and turn his Partner ; first Woman the same. First Man cast off and turn three with the third Couple ; his Partner at the same time casts off and turns three with the second Couple ; first Man turns three with the second Couple, his Partner turns three with the third at the same time. Set corners and turn ; the same at the other corners. Lead out

on

on the Man's side, then on the Woman's side, and turn it out.

Helter Skelter.

First Couple Figure thro' the second ; second Couple the same with the first. First Couple gallop down the Middle, up again and cast off right and left with the top Couple.

Le tout Ensemble.

First and second Couples take Hands, set, and cross over ; the same back again. First and second Couples Back to Back Sideways ; the same Partners, Second Couple lead thro' the third, the first Couple following, cast up into their Places ; Hands four round at Top. First Couple cross over and turn proper ; right and left with the top Couple.

Lasses of Linlithgow.

First Couple right Hands across round with the second, cast off and turn single ; left Hands round across and cast up and turn single. First and second Couple clap Hands Partners ; then Sides and turn Sides ; clap Hands Sideways, then Partners : first Couple cast off and turn it out.

Let's

(582)

Let's be Jolly.

First Couple set and turn the second Woman.
Set again and turn the second Man. Lead down
the Middle, up again, and cast off; right Hand
and left at Top.

Lady TERMEGANT.

First Couple cast off and turn; lead thro' the
third Couple, cast up and turn. Right Hands
across round with the third Couple; right Hand
and left at Top.



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Let's

